

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



"AND THEN—WHAT THEN, MR. CRICKETT?" SAID LAWYER WAINFLEET, AS HE RODE AWAY.

HURLOCK CHASE.

BY G. E. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "STORY OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER XLVIII.—RETROSPECTIVE AND EXPLANATORY.

THE pen of the tale-writer, like an enchanter's fabled wand, is permitted to vary its scenes at pleasure, and to deal despotically with time and space, as well as with the *dramatis personæ*, whose shadows it has summoned to appear, for a few short weeks or months, on its master's imaginary stage. Availing ourselves of this very necessary privilege, we take our final leave of the forest scenery on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and

once more find ourselves in the neighbourhood of Hurlock Chase.

Two years have passed away since the events recorded in our last chapter are supposed to have occurred, five years since the current of our story bore us away from English soil.

In those five years some changes have taken place, of which it is necessary briefly to treat. The first of these is connected with the gradual decline of the manufacture with a reference to which our tale commenced. The causes of this decline have already been stated; but, in addition to those more obvious and unavoidable ones, it

may be surmised, at least, that the spirit of enterprise and determination which had animated the first iron-workers of the south had been weakened by success, and was insufficient to sustain their descendants under the pressure of great reverses. Possibly, also, the continued pursuit of industrial riches, under accumulated difficulties, was not thought worth the while of those who had been raised by that pursuit, under more favourable circumstances, to substantial wealth and worldly honour. It is vain, however, to attempt to trace results to every primary and collateral influence, and it is sufficient in the present instance to say that, although the furnace described and referred to in our earlier chapters still gave out its glowing heat day and night, and the din of the forge was yet heard in the vicinity of Hurlock Chase, it was well understood that the trade was in a languishing condition; that orders became smaller and less frequent, preparatory to their entire transference to the newer manufactories in the more flourishing iron districts; and that the time was near at hand when those fires would be finally extinguished, and the musical ring of hammer and anvil should no longer be heard from the old Hurlock forge.

The natural effect of this knowledge on the men employed in the works may readily be imagined. Looking upon their craft as doomed to decay, if not to sudden extinction, they lost heart and energy, went to their employ with sullen indifference, and received orders from their superiors with silent carelessness, if not with open symptoms of disgust and disrespect. We are not sure that it has ever been written down, but the fact is indisputable, that there are few who will serve an unsuccessful, and embarrassed, and troubled master with the same diligence, and good-will, and energy which they observed towards him in the days of his prosperity. The very emergencies which loudly call for the exercise of these qualities seem to have the directly contrary effect of repressing them; and thus the catastrophe, which might have been postponed, if not avoided, is hastened and made inevitable.

No more light-hearted and labour-easing songs were now sung in the Hurlock forge, to the swinging accompaniment of brawny arms and red-hot iron. The work proceeded, but it was without good-will. The men were gloomily thinking what they should do a few weeks or months later in their history; and they were bitterly revolving in their minds how far the change in the ownership of the works had to do with the change in their prospects.

Jason Brooke had never attempted to gain the affections of the men who received wages from his hand. His hand! No; he never saw the men; he knew nothing of them; he never passed by the furnace, never entered the forge. Dark and forbidding to all the world, he was not likely to be open and inviting to these men of his, whom even his liveried servants thought vastly beneath them. Jason Brooke, therefore, delegated to others those necessary transactions between master and man which, if carried on with kindness and confidence, form bonds of union not easily broken. More than this, he was reported to have expressed an insane wish that furnace, forges, and workmen were all sunk together in his mill-ponds, so that he might have no more trouble concerning them. It was enough to stir the men to mutiny, this; and, though they only grimly smiled when they heard the wish repeated, it dwelt in their memory.

Moreover, this state of feeling in the men was intensified towards their master by the knowledge that he was a bad husband—tyrannical, vindictive, and cruel. Whatever might have been Mr. Brooke's prevailing and

influential motive in his persevering and ultimately successful suit for Clara Gilbert's hand, that object once attained, he showed himself in his true character; and the silly, field, self-seeking, and ambitious girl found that she too had attained her object, but at the expense of her future happiness.

Now, among the forgermen (for though we have spoken in our story of only one set of works, and of a few workmen, yet it is to be presumed that other works existed, and other men were employed in them) it is possible there might have been many bad and brutal husbands, who, in their sphere, were as great tyrants in their homes as was Jason Brooke in his. This went but a little way, however, towards qualifying the detestation in which they held, or professed to hold, their master for the self-same guiltiness. He a gentleman, and horsewhip his wife, as he was currently said to do! If he ever came in their way, and they could do it without being hanged for it, would they not give him a taste of the lash, and of the mill-pond too? (the lash first, and the pond afterwards, to cool him) that mill-pond to which he had so unceremoniously consigned them!

Just in proportion as these rough-handed and rugged-tempered men became dissatisfied with their employer and despondent as to their employment, so did they grow reckless with regard to their own characters, and desperately daring in their combined resistance to the revenue laws. In the five years over which we are rapidly passing in this retrospect, smuggling transactions on that particular part of the coast had multiplied in number, and were more and more characterized by the cool audacity by which they were accompanied; so that, at length, other and more energetic measures were adopted by the ruling powers, and more vigilance had begun to be used in putting a stop to such wholesale law-breaking. Among these measures was that of stationing in various quarters detachments of military to co-operate with the civil arm of the law. In consequence of these proceedings, the operations of the contraband trade had become increasingly hazardous, and the counsels of the smuggling fraternity exceedingly divided as well as embarrassed. Several collisions had already taken place between the custom-house officers, with their allies, and the offenders, and some considerable captures had been made in transit, though no "hides" or places of concealment and resort had been discovered. As yet, at all events, there seemed to be no traitor in the camp.

Having thus glanced at the changes which had taken place in what we may call the aspect of public affairs with which our history is concerned, we may yet more briefly refer to those which the lapse of time had more or less wrought on the personages of our tale, and on their private affairs. Of Jason Brooke and his unhappy young wife little more need be added to what we have already indicated, save that the owner of Hurlock Chase, finding himself, for various reasons, shunned, or looked upon coldly and superciliously, by those of the neighbouring gentry who took their tone from Sir Richard Whistler as their chief, revenged himself upon them by a corresponding haughtiness of demeanour whenever they chanced to meet, and upon poor Clara by additional insults; while he introduced to his house, and entertained as his own particular friends, men of worthless character and antecedents, with whom he compelled his wife to associate.

To add to Clara's wretchedness, she had of late had the unhappiness of knowing, through her husband, that her father's commercial affairs were in a state of confusion, and that his name, which had once stood so

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high above all suspicion, was now daily mentioned as that of an impoverished, if not a ruined man. Many circumstances had conducted to this change of reputation. Among these, the secret connection of Roger Gilbert with the contraband trade had become sufficiently public to affect the credit of the various legitimate and lawful establishments with which he stood connected. For, however men might justify the act of smuggling itself, and even encourage the practice by methods both direct and indirect, they were not disposed to trust to the stability of one who risked daily the forfeiture of sums equal in value to that of his entire estate, as well as his personal liberty, by illegally striving to increase his wealth. Whispers became rife, therefore, and not without foundation, that the splendid edifice of greatness which Roger Gilbert had reared for himself was bad at the foundation, and was tottering to its fall. These rumours lost nothing by the channel through which they were conveyed to Mr. Gilbert's unhappy daughter, and the malignant sneer with which they were accompanied.

To descend to lower walks in life, we may mention that time had dealt leniently with Samuel Austin and his wife, who still carried on their joint and several businesses at the Wash. The wound occasioned by the death of their beloved Mary, though not entirely healed, had lost its first anguish; and if at times a sob of parental grief broke from their hearts, that grief was assuaged by the remembrance of Mary's happy release from the imperfections and sorrows of this mortal life, and the full assurance of the eternal safety and unalloyed joy of her emancipated spirit. Further, to console themselves under their loss they had adopted and taken to their home and heart, as another daughter, blind Marty, Tom Carey's sister, who, notwithstanding her infirmity, proved to be a valuable aid to Mrs. Austin in her household affairs, as well as a great comfort to her soul.

The sound of the hammer and adz was still heard in the wheelwright's yard and workshops; but these tools were no longer wielded by Mark Castle. From the day of Mary Austin's burial the old workman had rapidly declined, and within a year of that event died peacefully, and was, at his own request, laid near to her in Fairbourne Churchyard.

Death had also, in the five years which were past, brought his message to two others whose names and deeds have figured in these chronicles. John Heywood, the evangelist, had suddenly been called to rest from his labours, and to enter into the joy of his Lord, his works following him. The third whom death had claimed as his prey was old bed-ridden George Parsley, who died lamenting the degeneracy of the human species in general, and the decay of the good old times of smuggling, but urging his son, young George, not to show the white feather, but to stick to his colours, whatever might happen. And, as young George showed no craven symptoms, yet at the same time practised the wariness which we have already mentioned, "The Squirrel" still stood its ground, and secret meetings continued to be held within its walls.

Moses Lee, the gipsy, with other members of his tribe, still pursued his erratic wanderings; and, the time not having yet come in which it was to be deemed a crime worthy of imprisonment and hard labour to be found sleeping under a tent by an English road-side, they pursued those wanderings unmolested. At all the country fairs, of that neighbourhood and in adjoining counties, the Lees were in their element, and, as horse-breakers and itinerant horse-dealers, they were indispensable. In this capacity our old friend Moses continued to

traverse the land far and wide; but his favourite haunt was Marley Heath, where his encampment, by favour of the lord of the manor, might be considered as his permanent settlement. He still kept up a kind of rough attachment to Tom Carey, in spite of the severance of the forgerman from his former associations—an attachment or affection dating from the visits of Mary Austin to the gipsy's dying daughter Judith.

We have just mentioned Tom Carey as "the forgerman;" but he was forgerman no longer. About a year previous to the time to which our story has come down, Tom received a communication from his old friend Harry Rivers, accompanied by full powers, drawn up in legal form, and sufficient remittances as well, requesting him to take charge of his old, tenantless farm-house and small farm, called Leanacres, and to expend certain sums in the renovation of the house and cultivation of the land. The letter also informed Tom of his friend's happy union with his recently found cousin, Rose, and of the probability of their return, either on a visit or permanently, to England. This communication was very welcome to Carey, who desired nothing better than to be again employed in the service of his young master, and who, moreover, had suffered much persecution from his fellow-workmen at the forge, on the ground both of his religion, and of his having determinately abandoned their smuggling operations. He lost no time, therefore, in obeying Harry's injunctions, which included the removal of his mother and his imbecile brother Zeke to the farm-house, where repairs and renovations, under Tom's watchful eye and helping hand, were immediately commenced and thenceforward went on briskly. A yet later communication had brought to Tom the gratifying intelligence that his employer and friend was a father as well as a husband, and that, though this circumstance had delayed his intended return, it had only confirmed that intention. Further remittances also reached Tom Carey from a mercantile house in London, with directions that they were to be employed in preparing and fitting up two or three rooms in the farm-house for the residence of Harry and his wife, with their infant daughter and an old nurse.

It may be added that these letters from Rivers in both instances reached Tom through the medium of the ladies at the Priory, and that the consequence was a pretty constant intercourse, and very numerous consultations, between Melly and Prissy and their nephew's factotum, which consultations finally issued in a scheme of affectionate guile, woven in the brains of the two maiden ladies, to set aside their nephew's intentions of making the old farm-house his home.

It was not to be thought of, they said, that the rightful owner of the Priory should be kept out of the inheritance, which they had already usurped too long. While the fate of their brother was uncertain, and he might, for anything they knew, return to claim his own, they were bound to keep all things right about the Priory, and to hold possession of the estate as his faithful stewards. But now, what had they more to do at the Priory? and was it reasonable that their brother's natural heirs should have to seek a refuge in a gusty old house like that of Leanacres?

The upshot of all this reasoning was, that Melly and Prissy would remain at the Priory only until Harry's return, when they would become his tenants for the farm-house and farm, which would do well enough for them, with Tom Carey to undertake the cultivation of the land, and William Crickett and serving-maids to give them due attendance, as they had done at the Priory. For this their annuities would amply suffice; and it

would be hard if the farm, such as it was, could not pay its own rent. As for Tom Carey, his mother, and his imbecile brother, there was a cottage on the farm, which might be put into comfortable repair, and would very well serve for their residence.

Justly surmising, however, that Harry would not willingly consent to this plan, his simple-minded relatives determined to forestall his objections by taking the initiative. Accordingly, they removed the greater part of their own personal property to the farm, and required their servants to do the same; then they quietly sat themselves down in their old home, to await the arrival of their nephew, who, at all events, would visit the Priory with his wife and child before taking possession of his house of Leanacres.

It may be supposed that Tom Carey looked upon these infractions of his employer's orders with some degree of perplexity and doubt, and was only reconciled to them by the assurance of Melly, whom he regarded with much reverence, that they were absolutely essential to her nephew's interest. After this his objections ceased.

It was when these arrangements were completed, and the ladies of the Priory were serenely contemplating the approaching change in their position, that they received an unexpected visit from Mr. Peter Wainfleet, the London lawyer, who, claiming the privilege of an old friend, announced his intention of taking up his night's abode in the customary guest-chamber, to which in due course, and after a lengthened conversation with Melly and Prissy, he was ceremoniously conducted by Mr. Crickett.

CHAPTER XLIX.—AT BREAKFAST.

THE time of year was September, the time of day nine in the morning; the place was the old-fashioned parlour of Hurlock Priory; the persons present were Melly and Prissy Fleming, with Mr. Wainfleet, who had just entered with bustling haste, and taken his seat at the well-appointed breakfast-table.

Not much alteration had taken place in either of these good people in the few years last past. A very inquisitive observer might have detected a somewhat deeper indentation of those peculiar marks popularly called crow's-feet on the countenance of the busy man of the world, together with a little more superfluity of flesh and rotundity of corporeal substance, than of yore. But there was the same merry twinkle of the eyelids, and the ever-ready quip, half serious and half playful, which marked his intercourse with his friends in former years.

And Melly and Prissy? Well, they had borne meekly what was laid upon them to bear; and one day had been so like the day before and the day after, that the current of their lives had not been much disturbed. Gradually and insensibly, however, they had fallen a little more into the rear of the world and worldly society. Their manners and their dress would have appeared slightly more antiquated; and their opinions, when expressed, were strongly in favour of the good old times, which never are (and never were) to be put into comparison with modern degeneracy.

"I have kept you waiting, Miss Fleming," said the gentleman, apologetically, as he chipped an egg. "I beg your pardon for my want of politeness. There, scold me if you like, Miss Prissy: I will be very penitent. It is not my fault, though, that I slept two hours beyond my usual time for rising: I did not get forty winks before cock-crow."

"I am sorry you rested ill, sir," said Miss Fleming, gravely.

"Oh, there's nothing in that; never do sleep well in

the country: the unwonted quiet—there's something awful in it. Thanks to Mr. Crickett, however, I dropped off at last into a deep slumber."

"How was that, Mr. Wainfleet?" asked Prissy.

"It is scarcely worth mentioning; but, about the time I spoke of, the gentleman began most melodiously to snore. It was a perfect tempest, I assure you, Miss Prissy; but it answered my purpose."

"You speak by contraries, I am afraid, sir," rejoined Melly; "and I ought to apologize for placing you so near so great an annoyance. But you know—"

"That you made a very ridiculous vow, thirty years ago, that no man should ever sleep beneath the roof of the Priory proper till its rightful owner came to claim it," interposed the lawyer, laughing.

"And now that time is come—"

"Ay, the time, but not the man," said the lawyer, sententiously.

"It was not God's will that we should ever see our poor brother Vincent again," said Melly, softly, and a tear trickled down her cheek.

"Well, well, he sent you his love, you know; and he made a most comfortable ending, according to our friend Harry's account; so it was all right, after all," said Mr. Wainfleet, consolingly. "And you really are serious about this romantic scheme of yours, my dear ladies, of taking flight from this old nest which has so long sheltered you?"

"I do not know why you should call it romantic, Mr. Wainfleet," interposed Prissy.

"Oh, you do not like things to be called by their right names! Now, with me, a spade is a spade."

"It does not matter what Mr. Wainfleet calls it, my dear," said Melly.

"Not a bit, Miss Fleming. But about this—a-hem—this *unromantic* plan. Do you really suppose that Harry Rivers will submit to it?"

"When he knows that he will make us unhappy if he does not submit to it, and that we have set our minds on turning farmers in our old days, and have taken possession of his house at Leanacres, and have sent all our personal effects there, he will scarcely have the heart to thwart us."

The lawyer gave a dissatisfied growl. "Pretty sort of farmer you will make, Miss Fleming; and you, who have never touched a cow in all your life, not even with a long pole, Miss Prissy, a pretty milk-maid you will make!"

"If you choose to make game of us, sir, you are very welcome," replied Prissy, with an assumption of dignity: "there's nothing in the world that cannot be made to appear ridiculous."

"If one only knows how to set about it, eh? But come, my dear lady, you know your old friend too well to suppose that he wants to make game of you; only there seem to be some difficulties in the way of your Quixotic—I beg pardon—your benevolent scheme. Suppose, for instance, that Harry Rivers should not consent to the exchange, and should refuse, point-blank, to receive you as tenants of his starveling acres yonder?"

"He will scarcely turn us out when—"

"When he finds you have stolen a march upon him, you would say. But don't make too sure of that: Harry Rivers has, as I suspect, some of the confirmed obstinacy of his race, and likes to have a will of his own."

"We must run the risk of that, sir: we can—"

"Be obstinate too, Miss Prissy," again interposed the lawyer, quickly. "I know that, my dear lady; so we won't say any more on that head. But there is another thing you have overlooked. The letters you have shown

me don't hint that Harry intends to remain in England."

"A whole year at least; and who can tell what may happen in that time? And if it be but for a year, only think of his pretty delicate wife and her baby being condemned to live at such a place as Leanacres!"

"Um! if it is good enough for you, it ought to be for them," said Mr. Wainfleet; "but why don't you all live together? the Priory is large enough."

"It is not to be thought of, sir," said Melly, with decision. "We have lived so long out of the world, and our habits are so misanthropic, that we should only make our nephew and niece miserable, or, perhaps, be made uncomfortable ourselves."

"Which would be a pity. Well, you will have your way, of course, and I am only wasting breath; so I will ask only, when and how this flight is to be accomplished."

"Not until Harry arrives. He will wish to stay with us a few days, of course; and then, when his little wife has got used to the place, and before she is quite tired of her husband's prim old aunts, we can quietly slip away some morning before they are out of their bed."

"On my word, quite an interesting elopement! The only pity is—"

What the pity was, was never told; for at that moment Mr. Crickett entered the room, and looked with a dissatisfied air on the table, saying oracularly—

"Not done yet, I see."

"Not yet, my friend," said the lawyer, handing his cup to Miss Fleming.

"Near upon ten o'clock, ladies; but it does not signify, I suppose. A letter, Miss Fleming, brought by lame Dick." And, laying the missive before his mistress, he solemnly retired.

"From Harry!" exclaimed Melly, breaking the seal. "He is already landed," she added, in a little flutter, as she glanced over its contents, "and will be here this day week," she continued, when she had read a few lines lower down.

"How does he mean to get here?" demanded the lawyer, presently.

"He intends to travel post from London, he says, and will be here late at night."

"B—— will be his last stage, then. I have a good mind to meet him there, and prepare him for your little plot. It may do good—can't do harm. Yes, I will. I have a week's work cut out for me in this neighbourhood; so it will fit in well. What do you say, Miss Prissy?"

"That we shall be very much obliged——"

"Very well, I'll do it, then. I don't know the young fellow, to be sure; but that will make no difference. Yes, I'll do it. And now, my dear ladies, having got all I want of you for this time, I'll go about my business."

"You will return and dine with us, sir; and——"

"And sleep? Thank you, no; I shall be miles off before nightfall; and, as to dining—well, I fancy I shall dine to-day at Fairbourne Court, where I shall be more free than welcome, I expect."

"So your reign is pretty well over at the Priory, friend William," said the lawyer, as he presently mounted his horse at the gate.

"So it seems, Mr. Wainfleet," said the butler, who acted at this time as groom, and pocketed the groom's fee without moving a muscle.

"And what do you say to it, friend?"

"Say to what, sir?"

"Why, this precious scheme of your ladies," returned the guest, smiling.

"Oh, I say nothing, sir," replied Mr. Crickett.

"Wise as Socrates! Hear, see, and say nothing: a capital motto, eh, Mr. Crickett?"

"No doubt, sir, for servants and——"

"And lawyers. Good, very good; at any rate, till the time comes; and then—what then, Mr. Crickett?"

So saying, Mr. Wainfleet rode away.

"And what then?" muttered the butler to himself, suspiciously. "What does he mean by his what thens? If I thought—but, pshaw, he's an old fool; and 'a fool's bolt is soon shot;' and nothing in it either."

THE ORATOIRE AT PARIS.

How many mingled recollections of glory and gloom, of persecution and of disaster, does the memory of the Protestantism of France recall! It is to the credit of the two Napoleons that they have closed, we trust permanently, the persecuting era of the Valois and Bourbon princes. In 1802 a law was promulgated by the first Napoleon, then First Consul, and just fifty years afterwards a further law by Napoleon III, then President of the Republic, which have given a legal establishment and an official support to the Protestant churches of France. The Reformed or Calvinist Church, and also the Lutheran Church, are in considerable measure under state control. The appointment and the removal of pastors must be confirmed by the Government; the Council of State decides various questions which may arise; the deliberations of the assembly are limited to matters allowed by the law, nor can their resolutions be published without permission. The French Free Church, or *Union des Eglises Evangéliques*, refuses to be thus bound, and declines the support proffered by the State. In other respects its principles are identical with those of the Reformed Church. This church strenuously asserts the leading principles of Protestantism, and is active in promoting new places for Protestant worship. In various instances it has encountered opposition from the civil authorities.

On this occasion, however, we are occupied with the Reformed Church of France, and their great church in Paris, the Oratoire. At the commencement of the seventeenth century this church was built for "the Priests of the Oratory;" but, when the French Revolution broke out, that community was suppressed. For many years it was used for the purposes of public meetings. In 1802 it was formally assigned to the use of the French Protestants: it is now their consistorial church of Paris. Their "general" preaching takes place there, as opposed to the "parochial" preaching. The Reformed Church has mapped out Paris into five parishes, with two *annexés*, Vincennes and Courbevoie: the parish of the Oratoire is the first of these. But the parish teaching of the Oratoire does not take place at the church of the Oratoire. At present it takes place in a provisional place of worship in the Rue St. Lazare, so familiar to English people from the great railway-station there. The Oratoire is the mother church of all the Protestant churches; it is the tabernacle, or, again, it is the cathedral. Each minister preaches in regular rotation at the mother church, and at each of the daughter churches. At the commencement of each year a table of the religious services of the year is issued. By this the reader may turn to any church for any Sunday of the year, and find the hour of Divine service and the name of the officiating minister. The opening of this document formally and expressly invites the faithful to observe the following rules, which deserve a place in every church and chapel: to be present

at the commencement of the service; if any arrive during the time of prayer, not to take their seats till the prayer is concluded; not to go away before the service is concluded, and the blessing pronounced; to pause for a space afterwards, in silence and self-recollection. Notwithstanding the division into parishes, church members continue at liberty, for religious services and ordinances, to address themselves to any pastor they choose, and to name the church where they wish any religious ceremony to be performed.

The government of the church is intrusted to boards of presbyters, local consistories, and a central council. These last two correspond to synods and a general assembly. No provision was made in 1802 for a general synod or general assembly. To supply the want of a body which should represent the whole of the Reformed Church, the central council has been created, consisting of fifteen persons chosen out of the Reformed community. A board of presbyters is elected by the congregation of each church, and is presided over by its pastor, under the authority of the consistory. There is a consistory for every 6000 persons, and these form a consistorial district. But the board of presbyters of the chief town of a district, with the addition of the pastor and a lay member, is itself the consistory; and hence this is called the consistorial church. A consistory generally represents several churches, sometimes a large church with some smaller churches. The duties of a consistory are purely local. They appoint pastors on the presentation of the presbyters. The synods were severally composed of delegates from five consistories, and assembled, in the presence of a prefect of a department, to inquire into all matters connected with the faith and government of the church. On account of some practical difficulties they have fallen into disuse. The Reformed Church has a faculty at Montauban, and is composed of 105 consistories, 1045 places of worship, and 1139 schools. Various most interesting works of charity and mercy exist in Paris and the country, in connection with the Reformed Church.

We may say, by the way, that everywhere throughout France there is a growing interest in Protestantism. The Tract and Bible Societies are doing great good there.

Of late has happened a very interesting and cheerful fact in the annals of the Oratoire church, which has been known and discussed far and wide. The two Coquerels, father and son, were among the most eloquent pastors of the church. The son especially was a man greatly admired and prized in the community to which he belonged: enormous crowds were wont to congregate whenever it was known that he was going to preach. The popular preacher notoriously became addicted to so-called liberal and broad notions, and, in particular, sympathized greatly with M. Renan's infamous book. The matter came before the Consistoire, corresponding to the Presbytery of our Scottish friends. The question was, whether his engagement as a preacher in the church of the Oratoire should be renewed. The church purged itself of offence, and, though doubtless with reluctance, detached itself from any connection with its most famous and eloquent member. The voice of the aged Guizot, the most illustrious statesman in France, was raised in favour of this righteous and necessary measure.

The church of the Oratoire was especially the scene of most interesting events this year, on the occasion of the Calvin Tercentenary. Nowhere better than in France was the memory of the great French reformer celebrated. On the 27th and the 28th of May "conferences" were delivered at the church, by M. de Félice, of Montauban, the eloquent author of the "History of the Protestants

of France," who became known, now many years ago, by his essay, to which the prize was awarded by the Bible Society of Paris. It is unnecessary that we should follow him in his eloquent recapitulations of the life of Calvin, and the great lessons to be derived therefrom. We quote, however, his apostrophe to the church, praying that it may be more and more realized:—

"Appear, then, before us, church of Calvin and Theodore Beza, of Coligny and De Mornay, of Antoine Court and Paul Rabaut! Show thyself in thy completeness, church of the grace and promise of salvation, of personal sanctity and responsibility, of unity of faith and teaching. Church of liberty with rule and progress, come, show thyself with thy beliefs and thy discipline, with thy martyrs and thy teachers, with thy fidelity and thy knowledge. Church of our fathers, whom thou hast begotten, after the gospel and through the gospel, those generations of firm Christians, brave men, useful citizens, good fathers, industrious labourers, honest officials, patriotic Frenchmen; church that we can present to her detractors, pointing to her history through all times, and bidding them come and see—thou hast never despaired of thy God or thy strength in the worst days, and it is not we that can despair of thee.

"Come, show thyself under an aspect still closer and more sweet; church of our baptism and our communion; church where our father and our mother have prayed for us, and God has not forgotten our prayers; church of our best thoughts and our holiest resolutions; thou that hast consecrated our domestic ties and our purest affections; thou that hast made us listen in the hour of temptation to the word of duty, in the hour of fall to the word of restoration, in the hour of adversity to the word of consolation; holy and glorious Reformed Church of France, beholding thee, our heart bounds and exclaims, 'My mother! my mother!'

Most fully will all Christian churches sympathize with this glowing and affectionate language, and earnestly trust that the most glorious era of French history is yet to dawn, when the rejected Reformation shall yet be fully accepted by her sons.

The church of the Oratoire is a very familiar object in Paris. It is situated opposite the garden of the Louvre, close to the point where the arcaded portion of the Rue de Rivoli terminates. It is not always open, like the Roman Catholic churches, but a *concierge* resides on the spot. We should add, that, with much Christian kindness, congregations of English and Americans have been permitted to worship here. There is an "upper chamber," of circular shape and somewhat singular appearance, which is at present occupied by Scotch Presbyterians.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

I.

TOWARDS the close of last year the announcement came upon the public with deep regret and sudden surprise, of the death of Thackeray. The event which most nearly resembled it was the death of that other illustrious writer Lord Macaulay. The two cases were indeed very similar. In each instance it was the joyous Christmas-time. In each case a world-known author had been associated with his friends in the kindly festivities of the season; and in the night-time came the sudden, unexpected summons. In each case much of the sense of a personal loss was awakened, for the public had grown to a familiarity with the author through his works. Mr. Thackeray has often been called, with some justice, the great moralist of the age; but none of his writings can

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equal in impressiveness the lesson of his end. None is equally eloquent of the vanity of human wishes and the fragility of human life. Let us hope that each of these illustrious writers, in common with multitudes of the lowly and unlearned, had sought, while in life, to anchor aright his faith and hope.

In the "Cornhill Magazine" for the February that followed Lord Macaulay's death Mr. Thackeray wrote a remarkable article entitled "Nil nisi Bonum," the first words of the kindly Latin proverb that tells that we should say nothing but good concerning the dead. In a short interval his own obituary notice is found in corresponding pages. In giving a brief record of his life we desire to be actuated by the spirit of his own "Nil nisi Bonum;" but fidelity to the cause of truth may require reference to some points which could hardly be expected in notices written by partial friends and at a time less distant. The proposal of a monumental memorial in Westminster Abbey gives fit opportunity for bearing our testimony to the merits, as well as pointing out the defects, of his public character as an author.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. He came of an old Saxon family long settled in Yorkshire. About a century and a half ago his great-grandfather, Dr. Thackeray, was the head master of Harrow School. He was the instructor of that good man, wise Indian judge, and great scholar, Sir William Jones, and his epitaph was written by the famous Dr. Parr. Since then the family of the Thackerays have been well known at the universities, in the church, and in the Indian service; and Mr. Thackeray's readers will throughout his works recognise these family influences. A son of the head master of Harrow married a Miss Webb, of the family to which Brigadier Webb of the wars of Queen Anne's time belonged; and in the story of "Esmond," which many regard as his best, he has sketched the character of his excellent ancestor.* This son settled in India, as did the son's son; and there also, in the next generation, was Thackeray born. The great author's grandfather settled and died at Hadley, Middlesex. When just a child, as is the inevitable Indian custom, the little boy was sent home to England, "When I first saw England," he says in one of his brilliant lectures on the Georges, "she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills, until we reached a garden where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man; 'that is Bonaparte. He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on.'" He was sent to Charter House for school, under Dr. Russell, and became a Carthusian, Charter House being built on the site of an old Carthusian monastery. This is the school which he so frequently and lovingly depicts as Grey Friars. On one of the last days of his life—on Founder's day—as his custom was, he dined there, highly gratified, and vociferously cheered by the Carthusians of this present generation. He would there get as good a classical education as any public school could impart; and Mr. Hannay tells us that, though he let most of his Greek slip away, he was to the last an excellent Latinist. He appears to have been very sensible of the advantages of a regular education, and to have regretted that he had not better availed himself of his own. "Now is the time," he wrote to a young friend, in 1849, "to lay in stock. I wish I had

had five years' reading before I took to our trade." From thence he proceeded to the University of Cambridge, where he remained, we believe, seven or eight terms. "He entered on life," says Mr. Hannay, "with health, strength, a noble figure, an excellent genius, and twenty thousand pounds; the last of which blessings (owing, it is said, to unfortunate speculations) was the first to leave him." A French editor, however (M. Vapereau), states that his father (it should have been his step-father) embarked in a newspaper speculation, bringing out a paper called the "Constitution," in which his son made his *début* in literature; and, the speculation being a failure, the disappointed and harassed projector left his country and resided at Boulogne. While Thackeray's means were in existence he turned them to excellent and to generous account. He gave poor Maginn, an author as unfortunate as he was brilliant, five hundred pounds. He travelled over Europe, and resided in various of its capital cities. To Rome he went for the purpose of studying art. A friend has in his possession a most ingenious letter which Thackeray wrote him from Rome, written in the old French of Ronsard and Marot, which exhibits a greater mastery over the French language than most Frenchmen possess. He resided for a time at Weimar, which might then be called the literary capital of Germany. It seems that his primary object was to study pictures everywhere; and in doing so he obtained much of his wonderful acquaintance with the men and manners of many countries. Some albums at Weimar still show with pride the early caricatures which he contributed to them.

An interesting letter of Mr. Thackeray to Mr. G. H. Lewes, which the latter has inserted in his work on "Goethe," gives a vivid view of his life at the little Saxon capital. "The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindest hospitality. The court was splendid, and yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. On the winter nights we used to charter sedan-chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant court entertainments. I, for my part, had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which still hangs in my study. We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of the court had their carriages. After three-and-twenty years' absence I passed a couple of summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. . . . In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hour after hour there, and night after night, with the pleasantest music and talk. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some were kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them. Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of humankind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried."

Subsequently to the Weimar visit Thackeray resided for a considerable time at Paris. He liked Paris, and often

* See Mr. Hannay's admirable sketch of Thackeray in the "Edinburgh Courant," to which Mr. Trollope refers in his "Cornhill" article. We are obliged to Mr. Hannay for several of the details of this paper.

returned to it, and frequently made it his head-quarters. A writer in the "Edinburgh Review," in 1848, in a remarkable article which first drew public attention to the great genius of "Vanity Fair," then appearing in numbers, says, "We well remember, ten or twelve years ago, finding him, day after day, engaged in copying pictures in the Louvre, in order to qualify himself for his intended profession." Literature now growingly vied with art, and eventually eclipsed it. He became a correspondent both for English and American papers. He lived, we are informed, "over the water," in the Quartier Latin. The Paris correspondent of the "Morning Post" gives the following interesting anecdote:—"One morning, on entering Mr. Thackeray's bedroom in Paris, I found him placing some napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written, 'One to be taken occasionally.' 'What are you doing?' said I. 'Well,' he replied, 'there is an old person here who says she is ill and in distress, and I strongly suspect that this is the sort of medicine she wants. Dr. Thackeray intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together.'" He became a busy contributor to "Fraser's Magazine," and also to reviews and newspapers, including the "Times." With a sly allusion to his artistic taste he assumed the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, which in course of time obtained a kind of vague celebrity. In those days the young satirist pushed the limits of satire to their very fullest extent; and it is remarkable how, while so freely criticising others, he was himself always keenly susceptible to criticism. "I suppose we all begin by being too savage," he says in a letter to a friend. "I know one who did," meaning himself. "As for Swift," he once wrote to his friend Mr. Hannay, "you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power as much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty, shall we say? Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred; and, when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind ways, I think, rather than the cruel ones."

Many of these writings are now irrevocably lost: they served their object, and perhaps had no claim to a prominent reputation. The "Paris Sketch-book" he dedicated to his Paris tailor, who lent him a thousand francs when he stood in need of it. "A kindness like yours, from a stranger and a tailor, seems to me so astonishing, that you must pardon me for thus making your virtue public, and acquainting the English nation with your merit and name. Let us add, sir, that you live on the first floor, that your clothes and fit are excellent, and your charges moderate and just." In the "Irish Sketch-book," a work which is gracefully dedicated to his friend Charles Lever, "from whom I have received a hundred acts of kindness and cordial hospitality," there are various passages graver than are Thackeray's wont. Amid much humour and pathos, much clear narrative and amusing exaggeration, there are abundant indications of a shrewd, observant, and thoughtful man. Let us take, for instance, some passages of much interest in his account of the Ursuline Convent at Cork:—

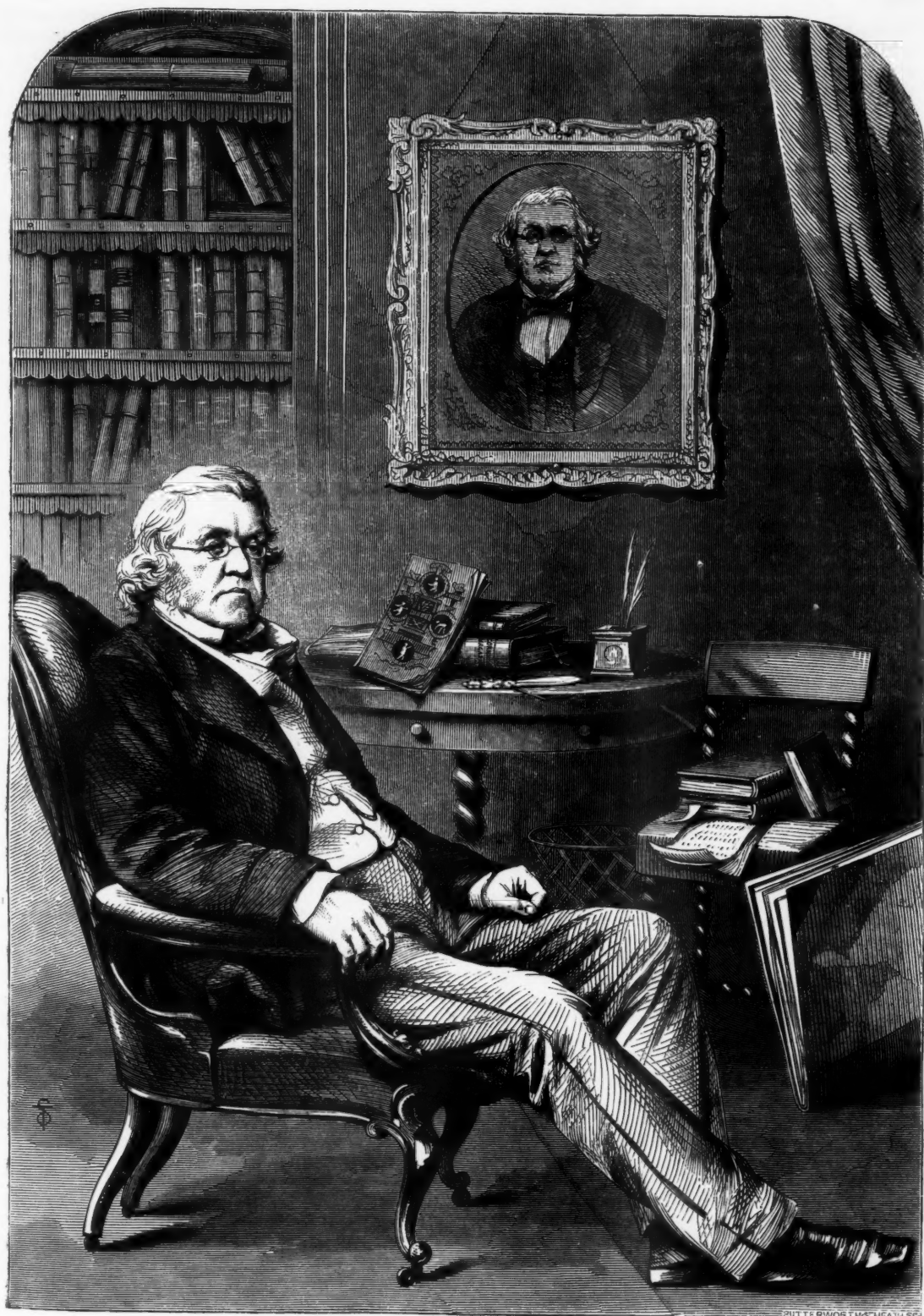
"'Tis the prettiest nun of the whole house,' whispered the lady who had been educated at the convent; and I must own that, slim, gentle, and pretty as this young lady was, and calculated with her kind smiling face and little figure to frighten no one in the world, a great six-foot Protestant could not help looking at her with a little tremble. Here I was in a room with a real live nun, pretty and pale. I wonder has she any of her sisterhood immured in oubliettes down below? Is her

poor little weak delicate body scarred all over with scourgings, iron collars, hair shirts? What has she had for dinner to-day? As we passed the refectory there was a faint sort of vapid nun-like vegetable smell, speaking of fasts and wooden platters; and I could picture to myself silent sisters eating their meal.

"In the grille is a little wicket and a ledge before it. It is to this wicket that women are brought to kneel; and a bishop is in the chapel on the other side, and takes their hands in his and receives their vows. I had never seen the like before, and own that I felt a sort of shudder at looking at the place. There rest the girl's knees as she offers herself up, and forswears the sacred affections which God gave her; there she kneels, and denies for ever the beautiful duties of her being: no tender maternal yearnings, no gentle attachments, are to be had for or from her: there she kneels and commits suicide upon her heart. Oh, honest Martin Luther! thank God, you came to pull that infernal, wicked, unnatural altar down, that cursed Paganism. Let people, solitary, worn out by sorrow, or oppressed by extreme remorse, retire to such places. Fly, and beat your breasts in caverns and wildernesses, O women, if you will, but be Magdalenes first. It is shameful that any young girl, with any vocation, however seemingly strong, should be allowed to bury herself in this small tomb of a few acres. Look at yonder nun, pretty, smiling, graceful, and young. What has God's world done to her, that she should run from it, or she done to the world, that she should avoid it? What call has she to give up all her duties and affections? and would she not be best serving God with a husband at her side and a child on her knee?"

"I came out of the place quite sick; and, looking before me, there, thank God, was the blue spire of Monkstown Church soaring up into the free sky, a river in front rolling away to the sea, liberty, sunshine, all sorts of glad life and motion round about; and I couldn't but thank Heaven for it, and the Being whose service is freedom, and who has given us affections that we may use them, not smother and kill them, and a noble world to live in, that we may admire it and Him who made it, not shrink from it, as though we dared not live there, but must turn our backs upon it and its bountiful provider."

There was probably no time which Mr. Thackeray enjoyed more than the Mediterranean trip which he took in the autumn of 1844, and of which he has given an account in his work, "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo." The Peninsular and Oriental Company arranged an excursion of two months, in which the excursionists should see all the principal cities on the shores of the Mediterranean. One day at his club the idea was suddenly suggested to him by a friend, that he should join this excursion. He was assured that the directors of the company would make him the present of a berth. This settled the matter. "To break his outstanding engagements; to write letters to his amazed family, stating that they were not to expect him at dinner on Saturday fortnight, as he would be at Jerusalem on that day; to purchase eighteen shirts and lay in a sea-stock of Russia ducks; and on the 26th of July the 'Lady Mary Wood' was sailing from Southampton with the subject of the present memoir, quite astonished to find himself one of the passengers on board. These important statements are made partly to convince some incredulous friends, who insist still that the writer never went abroad at all, and wrote the following pages out of pure fancy, in retirement at Putney, but mainly to give him an opportunity of thanking the directors of the company in question for a delightful excursion." This book of travels gives some personal touches of much interest. When he visited



Wm Thackeray

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Greece he almost owned himself sorry that he was not better up in his classics. "I am anxious to apologize for a want of enthusiasm in the classical line, and to excuse an ignorance which is of the most undesirable sort." "I would rather have two hundred a year in Fleet Street, than be king of the Greeks, with Basileus written before my name round their beggarly coin. . . . I make no manner of doubt that King Otho, the very day he can get away unperceived, and get together the passage-money, will be off for dear old Deutschland, Fatherland, Beerland." The words were curiously fulfilled, though not in the way which Mr. Thackeray thought of. His poem on the "White Squall," which they encountered in the voyage—amid much which is not to our taste—has an exquisite concluding stanza respecting his two daughters, showing that intense family love which existed in his home:—

"And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And, as the sunrise splendide,
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me."

Apropos to this, he gives a pleasant account of getting home letters at Cairo. "I saw a young Oxford man seize his despatches, and slink off with several letters written in a light neat hand, and sedulously crossed, which any man could see, without looking farther, were the handiwork of Mary Ann, to whom he is attached. The lawyer received a bundle from his chambers, in which his clerk cased his mind regarding the state of Snooks v. Rodgers, Smith *abs.* Tomkins, etc. The statesman had a packet of thick envelopes, decorated with that profusion of sealing-wax in which official recklessness lavishes the resources of the country; and your humble servant got just one little, modest letter, containing another written in pencil characters, varying in size between one and two inches; but how much pleasanter to read than my lord's despatch or the clerk's account of Smith *abs.* Tomkins; yes, even than the Mary Ann correspondence. Yes, my dear madam, you will understand me when I say that it was from little Polly at home, with some confidential news about a cat, and the last report of her new doll."

Some notices of his rapid visit to the Holy Land are written with great earnestness and feeling. The following testimony is valuable:—"We brought with us one of the gentlemen of the mission, a Hebrew convert, the Rev. Mr. E—; and lest I should be supposed to speak with disrespect of any of the converts of the Hebrew faith, let me mention this gentleman as the only one whom I had the fortune to meet on terms of intimacy. I never saw a man whose outward conduct was more touching, whose sincerity was more evident, and whose religious feeling seemed more deep, real, and reasonable."

"We went to Bethlehem, too, and saw the apocryphal wonders there. Five miles' ride brings you from Jerusalem to it, over naked, barren hills; the aspect of which, however, grows more cheerful as you approach the famous village. Hard by was Rebecca's well: a dead body was lying there, and crowds of male and female mourners dancing and howling round it. Now and then a little troop of savage, scowling horsemen; a shepherd driving his black sheep, his gun over his shoulder; a troop of camels, or of women with long blue robes and white veils, bearing pitchers, and staring at the strangers with their great solemn eyes; or a company of labourers, with their donkeys, bearing grain or grapes to the city, met

us and enlivened the little ride. . . . We were entertained by the Superior of the Greek Convent in a fine refectory, with ceremonies and hospitalities that pilgrims of the middle ages might have witnessed. We were shown over the magnificent barbaric church; visited, of course, the grotto where the blessed Nativity is said to have taken place, and the rest of the idols set up for worship by the clumsy legend. When the visit was concluded the party going to the Dead Sea filed off with their armed attendants; each individual traveller making as brave a show as he could, and personally accounted with warlike swords and pistols. The picturesque crowds, and the Arabs and the horsemen in the sunshine; the noble old convent and the gray-bearded priests with their feast; and the church and its pictures and columns and incense; the wide brown hills spreading round the village, with the accidents of the road, flocks and shepherds, wells and funerals, and camel trains, have left on my mind a brilliant, romantic, and cheerful picture. But you, dear M—, without visiting the place, have imagined one far finer; and Bethlehem, where the Holy Child was born, and the angels sang 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace and good-will on earth,' is the most sacred and beautiful spot in the earth to you."

"Mr. Brown's Letters to his Nephew" are admirably written; some of them vividly recall the "Spectator" and "Tatler," and are the best things of the kind since the "Tatler" and "Spectator" were written. In these pages he publicly described the London club life with which he was so familiar. But throughout Thackeray's writings there is an undoubted autobiographic view; and, if our limits permitted the attempt, it might be possible to exhibit both his internal and external history for many years. His school days, how often are they alluded to, from some of the earliest of his miscellanies to the final "Roundabout Papers." "Pendennis" is a tolerably fair transcript of his college days and subsequent times. The scenery of Clavering, St. Mary, and Chatteris is, in effect, Ottery St. Mary and Exeter, near which his step-father rented a place at which he used to stay. His experiences in France are all turned to admirable account in the "Adventures of Philip." He has given some interesting personal narratives of his adventures in America; for instance, a "Mississippi Bubble."

The first work in which Thackeray had full scope to exhibit his extraordinary powers was "Vanity Fair." It was one which took the world by storm. Then, when he was getting on for forty, he became famous, and began to be wealthy. It can hardly be said that before this the public had treated a great author with neglect. Thackeray flowered late: his genius required to be meliorated by time. He had not arrived at full intellectual maturity before his first large work was issued. When his genius was fully exhibited it was fully recognised.

Mr. Thackeray also made some attempts in poetry and art. He was hardly, in any high sense of the word, a poet, nor was poetry an object to which he in any marked degree devoted himself, nor to which he referred much of his thought, study, and observation. "But," as Mr. Hannay fairly says, "inside his fine, sagacious, common-sense understanding there was, so to speak, a pool of poetry, like the *impluvium* in the hall of a Roman house, which gave an air of coolness and freshness and nature to the solid marble columns and tessellated floor." What is true of his poetry is also, in a high degree, true of his art. To be a great artist was his never-realized ambition. To the last he was always busy with his crayons. He would probably have much preferred being a great artist to being a great author. He attempted to illustrate some of his own works, but

his success was not such as to encourage him to continue the experiment. But in one direction his artistic studies were eminently successful: I mean his *vignettes*—those in which the initial letters of his chapters were so curiously intertwined. They frequently sum up the whole comedy of the chapter, and give evidence of admirable wit and originality. Let us here add that he followed the prevailing fashion of issuing Christmas books: "Our Street," "Rebecca and Rowena," "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," "The Kickleburys on the Rhine." When the "Times" attacked the last of these in magniloquent language, he retaliated by an essay on "Thunder and Small Beer."

A CHILD'S HUNGER.

WE who have grown so old as almost to forget we were ever young, have forgotten it. Yet we may call to mind certain times when it was felt; but then, *we* were born of those who had wherewithal to feed us, and we never knew the *pains* of hunger—only its pleasures.

It is a pleasant thing to be hungry when we know that an ample meal awaits us, and it is a pleasant thing to eat, with hunger for sauce: we all know that; but how is it *when the sauce is all the dinner*? "As hungry as a hunter" is a common saying; but although no doubt hunters do get very hungry, if you want to put the extreme case say "As hungry as a child"—not a child who has had a good breakfast and a bun or two for lunch, and is crying for his dinner, but a child who was turned into a turnip-field to find the breakfast his mother had not got for him, and who has had nothing but the raw, cold, unwashed, unpeeled root all day, and so comes and says, "Please, a halfpenny, sir," and, if you do not give it, waits languidly till the next chance.

The constant gnawing of a never-peased hunger in those whose rapid digestion demands two meals for our one, that is the child's hunger I mean. But are there any such cases? Too many; and the consequence is, that disease and an enfeebled constitution are engendered, making paupers of those who ought to have grown up healthy, able, and useful members of the population.

But poor children look so healthy! it is commonly remarked. Yes, among the clean, industrious poor, especially if they live in the country; and even among the lowest and most unthrifty, you will see children, with bright eyes and altogether bright faces—something pinched at times, yet bright; for nothing but absolute famine can tread out the fire of early existence.

"There's no satisfying of 'em," a woman who had nine in family declared to me, and I could believe her; for there is even in the natural child-appetite a strong affinity to the horse-leech, whose cry is "Give, give, give." The stunted, famished little things who only get enough to enable them to bear starvation get inured to hunger-pains, their capacity for receiving nourishment lessens, and thus their growth stops and they dwindle till a full age overtakes them in a child's dimensions.

It is hard to see suffering and not relieve it. Each state and stage of life has its peculiar demand on sympathy; but there is something in the look and entreaty of a hungry child that is not to be disregarded by any heart that is a heart. This is understood by the gipsies, who always send round their urchin retainers to collect stock, though their firm faces and well-knit limbs, showing through dirt and rags, belie their piteous declarations that "they haven't had a bit to-day."

It is impossible for the most philanthropic to feed all the hungry children; and if ever children of every

growth were cared for, it is in this day. Yet, when one sees a sharp-featured, neglected child, one feels there is much to be done still; but in general it is to be done through the mothers.

Many of those among the very poor are too hard at work, washing, or shoe-binding, or glove-making, to pay any attention to the improvement of the slight means of support they possess. It is sometimes problematical whether the shilling earned by a day's labour would not be well exchanged for the time thus given up, which might have been spent in home management. But mothers in whom the affections are somewhat blunted by want will go out for the day, because they secure a good provision for themselves, and they know their children will be no worse off because they are not at home to take a share of the morsel left for them; and there is reason in this. Nevertheless many would be better at home, sometimes, at least.

No one who has not visited the country poor can conceive how they rob themselves by their ignorance and perverseness. You may counsel and teach and give: they will take all that is tangible, but, as to advice and instruction, they will say "Yes," and go on their own way. To the woman who assured me her nine were never satisfied I took Scotch barley, some meat, and a few flavouring pot-herbs and vegetables. "Soak this barley all day, then put it into that iron pot, with the beef, and these herbs and vegetables, the first thing in the morning; let it stew gradually till your dinner-hour; and then you will have an excellent meal for all the children, and can save a bit of the meat for your husband's supper too."

The nine hungry faces, looking satisfied for once, came before me pleasantly that day; and the next time I called I asked, "Well, how did you like your stew?"

I was sure, from the confused answer, it had gone wrong: the barley was not put in, because they never had barley in their broth; and the beef the woman thought her husband would like fried for his supper; so the nine dined on vegetable broth.

As to a solid pie, where potatoes fence round a modicum of meat, and a paste, wholesome and good, but to any but the teeth of "a hungry child" impenetrable, I do not believe anything would induce her to depart from her frying-pan in favour of such a noble "institution."

The look of supreme approval on the face of the boy in Hunt's picture of "The Attack" tells a happy tale: there is a calm calculation of the good in store; the spirits are up, the mind is already satisfied, and every such meal will add vigour to the frame and to the intellect too.

In a village school I once attended the master asked me to stay and hear him "examine in the mental," by which he meant mental arithmetic. I assented; but while he was questioning I watched the faces of the children. I could have told, without any previous knowledge of their parents and homes, who had good mothers (good mothers and good managers being inseparable in this sense) and who had not. Some of the nine were there: they had breakfasted and dined on tea and sop; they looked vacant; the master said they were idle, and threatened the cane; they seemed very indifferent as to whether he used it or not, and quite insensible to the disgrace. Like them were others whose mothers were of the same order, and whose diet was therefore similar. But there were some whose eyes were bent on the master, and who were eager to acquit themselves. Well, these were ready with an answer, if not the right one, and flushed up with excitement as the work went on. I knew well enough that there was a foundation laid for energy in these by wise mothers, who contrived to make the

poor meal as savoury and nourishing as they could. It would be a valuable help to the young wife whose family is growing round her (weakness from this cause often producing inertness), if the discouraged teacher of a country parish (not only the clergyman's wife, who has often enough to do that way at home) would give a little time to showing her how to make the best of things and the most of things. Liberality in gifts would scarcely be so valuable a kindness. All are not so obstinate as my friend, with her never-satisfied nine; and even of her I would not have despaired, if she had not been worn out past remodelling before she came into my hands.

If such care were spent among the younger women, there would be more thriving families and many more illustrations of Mr. Hunt's inimitable picture.

LETTERS FROM BOMBAY.

MANY of our younger readers will feel interest in reading some letters received from Bombay. They give the first fresh impressions of one to whom the Eastern scenes were new, in familiar style, different from the formal descriptions in books.

LETTER I.

I fancy you sitting shivering over the fire this December day, while here are we with doors and windows wide open to catch the delicious sea-breeze, wearing our thinnest muslins, drinking iced water as our greatest luxury, and shutting out, by blinds and verandahs, a blaze of light the like of which Old England never saw in her brightest July day—concentrated sunshine, of which there is more in an hour here than in a month at home. The heat is not oppressive: it would be so, indeed, if we went about all day, as with you, running up the streets and down the streets, to catch railway-trains, with bags and umbrellas in our hands. But here we sit quite still in great comfort and coolness during the hot hours; and when the sun goes in we go out, and drive about in the twilight and the moonlight, and see the land and its curious inhabitants in every variety of dress and undress. We go sometimes to the Esplanade of an evening. It is a beautiful open piece of ground between the Fort and the sea: it ought to be green with grass, but at present there is not a blade to be seen. In going to it we pass through some of the principal native streets and bazaars: first, the Great Road, where we pass the Elphinstone College, a large, handsome building, and then the Bendic Bazaar; and how you would be amused with the motley crowd of all sorts and conditions of men who are to be seen there! Besides the natives of all parts of India, one sees representatives of almost every other Eastern race: stately Arabs, with broad, striped cloaks hanging round them, and marching along like kings; cringing Chinamen, with straw hats and flat, yellow faces; Persians, with high, black lamb's-wool caps; wild-looking Beloochees, with hair flying about them; Parsees, with their clean white dresses and Jewish-looking noses; Portuguese, wearing the European dress, but often blacker than Hindoos; and, blackest of all by far, negroes from Africa, strong and ugly, with woolly heads, shining skins, and glittering white teeth. Oh, it is a curious, mixed multitude! Adam and Eve would wonder to see their children. Through the midst of them all drive the pale, proud islanders who have come from the ends of the earth to rule over these: they are the lords of the land, and well they know it.

Looking round on all these myriads of heathen, one feels quite oppressed with the thought of their dark

ignorance, and the seeming impossibility of giving them the gospel light. We see their vile temples on every side, and feel as Paul did at Athens: "His spirit was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." Thank God, it is not "wholly" so here: there are Christian churches to witness for the truth, and Christians to pray continually, "Thy kingdom come." How the sight of this great heathen land makes one long for the day when that prayer shall be fulfilled!

Of all the people here the Parsees are the most advanced in progress. They are the descendants of the Guebres, from Persia, the ancient followers of Zoroaster, worshippers of the sun and of fire. Their forefathers were banished from Persia by the Mohammedan caliphs in the seventh century, and they have lived in Western India ever since, keeping quite distinct from the natives of the country in dress, manners, and religion. They are now very numerous and wealthy. I have been told that there are not less than seventy thousands of them here. Many of them are highly educated, and speak English extremely well, and with a much better accent than the French or Germans are ever able to attain; yet, with all this progress, they hold fast to their strange, mysterious, old religion; and, when riding on the pleasant beach lately, in the lovely sunset, I saw a number of them, grave, respectable, elderly men, chanting and praying and worshipping the sun!

Bombay is a much larger city than I expected; and I believe it is not generally known in England that its population exceeds that of Calcutta, though its white population is far short of it. Its inhabitants are said to be nearly seven hundred thousand in number: if so, it is then the second largest city in our Queen's dominions.

The great place for business here is the Fort. I expected that a fort would be full of soldiers and big guns; but, instead of this, it is full of public offices and great warehouses. Government House is situated there, also the Cathedral, and the Mint, the Docks, the Arsenal, and the Barracks. The Governor has two residences—a bungalow at Malabar Point, and a handsome house at Parell. We went to see it one day: it looks like some monastic building, and indeed I believe it was once such. There is a piece of water near it, surrounded by a fine garden carefully kept and filled with many rare and curious plants; but this and the other gardens I have seen in India are not to be compared with those at home: one sees here nothing of the gorgeous blaze of flowers which make our gardens so gay. At present the poinsettia is the showiest flower to be seen: it grows very freely, and its flowers, or rather its bunch of crimson leaves surrounding the flowers, form a brilliant contrast to the rich green of the other plants. The great art here in gardening is to water well, and the flower-beds are generally surrounded with little canals for this purpose; but the most valued flowers are kept in pots. We have plenty of roses here in December: they smell very sweet, but are of a poor, thorny kind, and there is no variety. I mentioned this to a gentleman who is fond of his garden, when he begged to tell me that he himself had six kinds. This would not make our gardeners at home very proud; and I think you could produce at least ten times as many in your garden, though it is but a small one. The palms were the first novelty that struck me as we approached the shore of India, and they have still a charm, though no longer new: they are so graceful, so picturesque, so unlike their poor, miniature representatives in hot-houses at home. They are of various kinds: the prettiest, I think, are the date-palms, with their long, drooping, feathery foliage; but they are not at all like those we saw in

Egypt, and are valued here, not for their fruit, but for their juice. It is amusing to see the natives climbing up the stems like monkeys, in the evenings, to take down a pot of juice. It must be no easy matter to get up, for some kinds of palms have very tall, straight, smooth stems. The sap soon ferments, and is made into an ardent spirit: it is also used to raise bread.

Yesterday our kind and excellent minister took me to visit some of the schools, which you will like to hear about; but first we went to the house of a native pastor, a visit with which I was much pleased. We went out early, and drove through a native part of the town, where we stopped at a house with a chapel beside it: this is the American Mission, and our friend is the ordained native minister of the congregation here. He is a converted Brahmin from Ahmednuggur, and has been a Christian for above twenty years. We found the pastor in a large, airy room, half of it separated for the use of his family by a screen. He went behind it and brought out his wife, his grown-up daughter (a beautiful girl), and two nice little brown children. They were dressed neatly and simply in native costume, the father in white turban, and all the women without any ornaments. The mother could speak no English, and the father very little; but the daughter had been well educated by the American ladies, and spoke it beautifully. She is a very devoted missionary herself, and was able to do a good deal in teaching the poor women in the country, before she came to Bombay. This family has been here only a month, and the pastor says, "It is a hard field to work in (compared to Ahmednuggur), and there are many obstacles." He seemed pleased when reminded that it was not a harder field than St. Paul had to work in when the men of Macedonia stood and said to him, "Come over, and help us," and that he had the same almighty Saviour to stand by him. I have not time to tell you of all the schools that we saw; but I wish I could daguerreotype one of them for you—the excellent school of Miss W——, of the Church Missionary Society. The children there were most admirably taught, and answered in a way that showed that their minds were engaged. The boys stood on one side, the girls on the other; a tall native teacher walks behind; Miss W—— stands in front, full of animation and loving energy. The scene is one to please the eye as well as the mind: the small dusky forms of the little maidens, their lustrous almond-shaped eyes, the blue-black hair, so smoothly braided, the clinging drapery hanging on them like statuary, but gorgeous in colour, crimson or deep yellow, white, blue, or pink; flowers in their hair, and their slender arms and ankles glittering with gold and silver bracelets, often the whole wealth of the family. Such do they appear. And then, how pleasant is the singing! some well-known hymn, such as "Rock of Ages," translated into Mahratta, and sung to some well-known English tune: it carried away my thoughts to Sunday-schools where I had often heard it sung by rosy English children. "Do you know," I said to them (through Miss W——), "that in England the little children in the schools gather their pence and put it in little green boxes with a hole in the lid, and send it away to this country to buy Bibles and hymn-books, and to send teachers to you?" This was quite a new and wonderful idea to them. They turned round to each other in amazement, and I could see that they were expressing their surprise and delight that any children so far away could care for them. One great drawback, however, in vernacular day-schools like this, is that the girls go away so young: none of them stay beyond the mature age of eleven years, when they go away to be married.

However, such is Miss W——'s personal influence among her pupils, that she never goes out into the bazaars without being surrounded with them, bringing their children, telling their histories, and showing that they have not forgot her lessons of love.

THE MISSING HUSBAND.

AMONG the criticisms which have been made on Mr. Tennyson's poem of "Enoch Arden," it has been objected that it is a very improbable incident that Enoch should have been able to live and to work in his native village so long without being recognised. The following true story, related by the Jacobite Dr. William King, in the "Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Times," shows that such an *incognito* has really been kept up:—

About the year 1706 I knew one Mr. Howe, a sensible, well-natured man, possessed of an estate of £700 or £800 per annum. He married a young lady of a good family in the west of England: her maiden name was Mallet; she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business: the same day, at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under a necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time she neither heard from him nor of him. The evening before he returned, whilst she was at supper, and with her some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister ["I was very well acquainted," says King, "with Dr. Rose, and he frequently entertained me with this remarkable story"], a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favour of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage Walk, in St. James's Park. When she had read her billet she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and, laughing, "You see, brother," said she, "as old as I am I have got a gallant." Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's handwriting: this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe that she fainted away. However, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage Walk. They had not been there more than five or six minutes when Mr. Howe came to them, and, after saluting his friends and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony to the day of his death. But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. When Howe left his wife they lived in a house in Jermyn Street, near St. James's Church. He went no farther than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week, and, changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man), he remained in this habitation the whole time of his absence. He had had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time; but they both died young a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead. This Act he suffered to be solicited

and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house near his lodgings, which he frequented. Upon quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount; and for some days she lived in continual apprehensions of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, etc. But nothing of this kind happened: on the contrary, he did not only leave his estate quite free and unincumbered, but he paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had any dealings; and, upon examining his papers in due time after he was gone, proper receipts and discharges were found from all persons, whether tradesmen or others, with whom he had any manner of transactions or money concerns. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants and the expenses of her housekeeping, and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn Street to a little house in Brewer Street, near Golden Square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn-chandler. I knew Salt, who related to me the particulars which I have here mentioned, and many others which have escaped my memory. About ten years after Howe's abdication he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him, that he usually dined with Salt once or twice a week. From the room in which they ate it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she sat and received her company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence he went every Sunday to St. James's Church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home he never would confess, even to his most intimate friends, the real cause of such singular conduct: apparently there was none; but, whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it. Dr. Rose has often said to me, that he believed his brother Howe* would never have returned to his wife if the money which he took with him, which was supposed to have been £1000 or £2000, had not been all spent; and he must have been a good economist, and frugal in his manner of living, otherwise his money would scarce have held out; for I imagine he had his whole fortune by him, I mean what he carried away with him in money or bank bills, and daily took out of his bag, like the Spaniard in "Gil Blas," what was sufficient for his expenses.

NOTES ABOUT THE BLIND.

A RECENT article in "The Leisure Hour" (No. 664), by a blind clergyman, "On Reading for the Blind," suggests some general remarks by one who was much interested by that paper.

Good sight is justly considered an inestimable blessing, and its preservation deserving of our most sedulous attention. Like our other senses, the organ of vision is greatly influenced by the discipline to which it is subjected. There is an obvious difference, accordingly, between the mariner's eye and that of the watchmaker: one taking habitual cognizance of remote objects; the

other confining its perceptions within a very limited area. It is commonly supposed that the extinction of sight is attended with increased nicety of touch, and we have no reason to doubt it; but one characteristic of those who have lost this faculty in early life is not less remarkable. We allude to the compensation which they seem to enjoy—with here and there, perhaps, an exception to warrant the rule—in that sustained complacency of temper and serenity of mind, which are often wanting in those who have bodily ailments or defects trivial in comparison.

Doubtless the blind are spared much of that anguish which the sympathizing experience when brought into contact with suffering humanity. From the pain and discomfort produced by the sight of distressing or repulsive scenes they are mercifully exempt. They are, consequently, less exposed to depressing influences than the man of observation; their spirits have a more equable flow; and the inner light is not darkened by the shadows which are projected upon the mental vision by penury, disease, and crime.

I was particularly struck by the truth of these reflections one evening, in the sombre month of October, when, traversing the crowded thoroughfare of a manufacturing provincial town, a blind man, who was walking alone and about to cross the carriage-way, requested me to lend him an arm.

"It is not often that I am out so late as this," he said, with a smile, as I led him along; "but I could not get away before."

"Get away," I inquired, "from where?"

"Well," he replied, still smiling as if at some pleasing idea, "I've been to a ragged-school meeting, and have been very much entertained. There was a gentleman present who made really one of the most amusing speeches I ever heard in my life. I can't recollect his name: he was, I should imagine, a little man, perhaps about your height;" and he put his hand upon my shoulder, and smoothed me down, as if I had been a dumb animal, and he my kind and gracious master.

"How," said I, with natural astonishment, "could you judge of his height? your sight is very imperfect."

"Yes," he returned; "but I can generally tell how tall a speaker is by his style of delivery: you understand what I mean. Little orators are more bold and energetic than taller ones: they seem to feel that it is only by uncommon exertion that they can command the respect of their audience, and place themselves on an equality with less eloquent men, who are looking over their heads."

This struck me as being rather a whimsical notion, though I did not feel myself competent to pronounce it altogether fallacious.

The blind man now released his hold of my arm, and, having thanked me for my aid, went off at a good round pace, clicking the ferrule of his walking-stick against the stones, with which he seemed as familiar as if he had paced them ever since he was a child.

Though shabbily attired, his language and manners bespoke a person of cultivated mind, and I was not surprised to learn from a postman of whom I inquired, that he had formerly been the head master of a proprietary school, and now obtained a scanty livelihood by making pillow-lace. The postman knew him well from seeing him walk about, generally unattended, and assured me that his good-humour never failed him, and that the poor blind lace-maker always had a cheerful countenance and a pleasant word for the "man of letters,"

* And yet I have seen him, after his return, addressing his wife in the language of a young bridegroom. And I have been assured, by some of his most intimate friends, that he treated her during the rest of their lives with the greatest kindness and affection.—*Dr. King.*

whose double knock often arrested his attention and elicited from him some playful and friendly remark.

The sense of touch supplies to the blind most of the impressions which, under ordinary circumstances, are produced by sight. The blind are, however, much aided by the sense of hearing, especially in what regards their communications with their fellow-creatures; hearing being the sense which we commonly employ, through the intervention of speech, in the common intercourse of mind with mind. But sometimes we meet with persons both blind and deaf, and yet possessing the power of receiving the perceptions of external objects. A remarkable instance of this kind occurred in Scotland, of which full reports have been left on record by Mr. Wardrop, in the "Edinburgh Medical Journal," and Professor Dugald Stewart, in the "Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions." This man, though born blind and deaf, chiefly through the senses of touch and smell acquired a knowledge of the presence and nature of surrounding objects which would have been scarcely credible but for the testimony of these scientific observers.

The blind seem to be very susceptible to atmospheric impressions; but I did not till recently suppose that they can prognosticate changes in the weather from circumstances which would at first sight appear to have little or no connection with them. I obtained this information from a blind scripture-reader, who, sitting on a stool by the road-side, had for many years successfully appealed to public charity. I had often stopped to listen to his fine sonorous voice and distinct articulation, as he read aloud from the sacred volume printed in embossed characters specially designed for the instruction of those whose knowledge depends chiefly on their sense of touch, and who literally have learning at their fingers' ends.

"Don't you find it very cold?" I inquired of him one sharp frosty day.

"It is, rather," he replied, rubbing his thin blue hands and blowing on them; "but we shall have a change soon."

"How do you know that?" said I, somewhat incredulously.

"I fancy so," he returned, "from this;" and he gave his money-box a shake, but it had a hollow sound.

"My friends don't drop me their halfpence so fast this morning as they did yesterday," he rejoined. "In fine frosty weather they are very kind to me, but when it begins to thaw they begin to freeze. It may be that when they are very cold themselves they feel more for people like me, who've got to sit out of doors instead of by a warm fireside; or it may be that damp, muggy weather puts 'em out of sorts, and they are not in a humour to give anything to anybody. I don't know how it is exactly, but so it is."

There, thought I to myself, is a novel sort of barometer, in which "very liberal" answers to "very dry," and "stingy" and "changeable" denote corresponding degrees of humidity.

One of the most affecting incidents connected with the blind I read, when a boy, in a French newspaper belonging to a schoolfellow, and which had been sent him along with a cake from some rich uncle who resided at Nice. If I remember the circumstances correctly, a Danish barque bound from Copenhagen to Valparaiso was wrecked off the island of St. Felix, but happily without any lives being lost. Among the passengers who were cast upon the island was a blind superannuated sergeant of Hussars with his two sons, by whose strenuous exertions he was conveyed safely to shore. For some days the crew remained on the island,

anxiously waiting for a vessel to rescue them from their deplorable situation; but none appeared, and, their provisions running low, they at length resolved to construct a raft with some barrels and spars which had been saved from the wreck, and on which they all embarked and made their way out to sea. They were some considerable distance from land when a storm suddenly arose, and, part of the raft being torn away, the old blind soldier was separated from his sons, whose strenuous efforts to regain their parent were in vain, and who saw his aged form gradually receding from their agonized sight, until at length he was lost in the ocean haze. I almost forget what became of the poor creatures on the main raft, though I think they were all saved; but the picture of that old blind man on the wave-borne raft long haunted me, and for some months was scarcely ever absent from my boyish dreams.

In some old work on natural history I have read that a dog, however ferocious, will not attack a man when sitting on the ground. Having never made the experiment, I cannot from personal observation verify this statement. That dumb animals, however, are awed by the human countenance admits of no doubt. I have myself, in common with many others, seen lions, tigers, panthers, and leopards, driven into a corner of their den, crouching and terror-stricken, at the mere glance of their despotic master. The eye in this instance appears to be the principal, if not sole governing agent; for I observed that the performer of this daring feat never for one moment removed his gaze from the brutes, who, uttering a low and sullen growl, were evidently ruled more by fear than by affection. That the eye of the blind exercises a similar controlling power might appear from an anecdote with which I was furnished by a Polish refugee. At the same time, although there are cases in which blindness is not obvious from the outward appearance, it is probable that in this case the wolf was awed by the human voice and aspect rather than by the eye. On the borders of the Black Forest a charcoal-burner named Gurtholf lived in a small hut with his family, consisting of his wife and three grown-up children, and an aged man, his wife's father, who had lost his sight many years before by accidentally falling into a lime-pit. Gurtholf and his wife and children were frequently in the habit of going out at an early hour in the morning and not returning till sunset. On these occasions the old blind grandfather was left at home, the door of the hut being generally unfastened; for although robbers were by no means unknown in those inhospitable districts, yet it was not supposed that the humble abode of a charcoal-burner would offer any temptation to their evil disposition. One morning, shortly after Gurtholf with his wife and children had gone out, and the old blind man was sitting before the fire eating his frugal breakfast of black bread and garlic, a lean wolf, driven by hunger (it was in the cheerless month of December), entered the hut and stealthily approached its unconscious occupant, its dark eyes glaring like live coals, and its white teeth vividly contrasting with its crimson throat. The old man, fancying that the visitor was Gurtholf's dog whose pattering he heard behind him, stretched forth his hand for the purpose of finding it, when the wolf instantly seized it, but as suddenly relaxed its hold and shrunk back as the blind man, addressing it by the name of his canine acquaintance, bent upon his intending assassin his calm and venerable face. At this crisis Gurtholf returned, and the wolf slunk away into the forest, where some days afterwards it was found dead, having literally perished among the snow, of starvation.